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p756.



October 10, 1900

Margue W. Wolf & Co.,
WHOLESALE STATIONERS-
204 & 206 W. Gettman St.
BALTIMORE, MD.



* Someone later told us that it was once a mill. We, however, doubt this.

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August 30, 1902. A trip with Mr. W. from Lakeside to Holland station, then along the Green Spring Valley branch of the N. C. R. R. towards McDonough and Pihemille. We met at L. at 8 o'clock A. M. We took a path leading to the west of the resort, we passed the dam at Lake Roland and saw that the water was extremely low and finally reached the N. C. R. R.; we then went in the direction of H. At H. we took the Green Spring Valley branch. We walked along the tracks a short distance but when we came to ^{an} old ruin, (it looked very much as if ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} at one time ^a church) we were so much interested in the very strongly built structure that we left the tracks and proceeded to it. It was one story in height; the walls were built solidly of brick, the foundation was of rock, and it had a slate roof. All the woodwork, excepting the rafters had been removed. There was, therefore, no flooring, no ceiling, no doors, no shutter or window sashes, not even door frames or window frames. The floor now was the ground. As we walked into the building we wondered why it should be allowed

to go to ruin. The walls inside, once nicely plastered were now smeared with the most filthy language. How strange that there must exist certain human beings who must thus besmirch everything ^{with which} they come in contact. Between the building and the railroad we found an abandoned roadway, now in most places completely overgrown. We followed this path for quite a distance. ^{* then again walked along the R.R.} The bridge which carried it across a brook was found in complete ruins the strong beams and a few ^{half rotted} boards alone remaining. Along this path we found *Lepedeza capitata*, *L. polytaechna*, *L. Virginia* & *L. frutescens*, blooming beautifully. We had not proceeded far along the railroad when we came to the prettiest part of the road. Rocks on our right rose almost perpendicularly from the road bed completely shading our path. We, however, were not to have this pleasant shade very long. Soon we were again in the sun and we had it thus till we reached Brooklandville. At Bare Hills we met a man - a traveling agent for Livingston a druggist. He showed us some of the things he was selling and told us how some people (Bumheims, Poems) sell his goods even cheaper than he sells them to them. This brought on some talk on competition. Now when I sold sticks for 5¢, B. sold them for 3¢. He then showed us his

straw hat, really a very good hat, which he said was bought at B's, the hat and a pound of livers for 9¢. He only wanted the hat, but his daughter couldn't buy the hat without taking the livers. At Brooklandville we stopped a few moments and I put the few plants I had collected in press. The large house on the corner we learned belonged to Mr. Geo. Brown. We now took the Green Sp. Valley Road. Our walk along this road was most pleasant. At Stevenson station, though, we had to again take the railroad. It was now after 12 o'clock so we began to look for a good place to camp. A good place was found in a ravine not far from the station. As we entered it we found an abandoned brick kiln and a short distance beyond a fine spring. After dinner we continued our trip along the railroad. It was about 4 o'clock when we reached Chetolence. We walked to the spring which is close by and drank some of the delicious water. The water bubbles up from the ground and fills a large reservoir more than 15 ft. in diameter to a depth of about 3 ft. Sometimes large bubbles of gas also rise from the bottom which is almost completely covered with a green substance, no doubt some fresh water alga.

On account of this green - the spring was called the Green Spring and the valley the Green Sp. Valley. At the Spring we met a Mr. Famer. He told us he frequently makes trips to the spring - four years ago twice daily, from the city. In a brook close to the spring I found a great deal of *Water-cress* ^{n. officinale}. It was in nice condition and I secured several good specimens.

From C. we went onward till we reached the Reisterstown Pike. We now crossed the field to the W. M. R. R. and found that we were just north of McDough. The place containing the *Habenaria* had been mowed and not a plant could be seen. Grazing in this meadow was a bull and a number of cows. We saw them from afar and thought it wise to get on the outside of the fence, and very glad were we that we had done so, for as we approached closer we noticed that the bull was quite enraged at us and kept up a continual low growl, which he did until we were again some distance away. It was amusing to see how the cows kept close to him all the time we were near. We passed M. and stopped at the spring to see how the *Habenaria* was faring. We found it safe with quite a number of pods. From the spring we went to Pikesville ^{station} and then to the village where we

took the electric car for home. In one of the meadows beyond McD. we found *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, growing beautifully close by were hundreds of *Culm* ripening their pods (*L. superba*). The odor of fox grapes were very prominent here too and before long we found some of the delicious fruit. It was nearly 9 o'clock when we reached home.

³⁴⁶
Sept. 1, 1902. To Clifton Park. I took my plant press, and got a few of the ferns from the greenhouse.

³⁴⁷
Sept. 2, 1902. To Dolchester. Secured some specimens of *Cyperus Nuttallii*, *Elaecharis pygmaea* and *Lemna minor*. The latter covered some parts of the pond almost completely. Along the shore were many plants of *Xanthoxylum Canadensis* and *Eupatorium hyssopifolium*.

³⁴⁸
Sept. 3, 1902. With Mr. W. & Mr. P. to the ravine. We met at the Catonsville terminus at 9 o'clock. Mr. P. had his camera. We took the route past the old field and stopped at Owl Spring. Here Mr. P. secured his first picture. The transplanted *Magnolia* and *Lygodesmia* are doing well, and so also the recently transplanted *Hepatica acutiloba*. From the spring we went to Rock Camp. Here we ate our dinner. After dinner Mr. P. secured his second picture - Mr. W. & I at dinner, our table before us

the fire close by and over it the kettle hanging from a tripod. After dinner we went through the ravine, then to Orange Grove and crossed the river. Mr. T. here gets his third picture. I now leave Mr. W. & Mr. T. and while they ^{go to} enter the Cascades where Mr. T. secures two more pictures, I go towards Avellan to get a few specimens of *Cyrtopteris fragilis*. I stopped also at the ^{one} Canton place and found the plants in bud. The new road is progressing rapidly. On my return I was caught in a shower. It was a gust of fine when I again reached Orange Grove. Mr. W. & Mr. T. were already there. We then started for the terminus which we reached about 6 o'clock. We were home before 7 o'clock.

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Sept. 6, 1902. A trip with Mr. W. and Mr. T. to Glenburnie.

We took the 8.55 A. M. train. Arrived at G. we went at once to R's where we intended to get a boat. To-day we found chinquapin ripe and had we so desired, a large quantity might have been gathered, for the plants are very common and were laden with fruit. We collected only a few of the nuts, for we were very anxious to get on the water. Arrived at R's. we found ~~him~~ ^{Mr. R.} ~~one~~ at home. We went all over the place but finally set on the knoll of the hill overlooking the water, to await ~~him~~ ^{Mr. R.}

coming. That the cat has neither remarkable eyesight or sense of smell was here well demonstrated. The cat hears well and it is only when her prey is in motion that she can locate it. In front of one of the houses on this knoll were two birds that had been shot. Puss followed us about and passed the birds a number of times but took no notice of them. But when I gave one of the birds a slight push with my foot sending it towards the cat she saw it and seized it and devoured it. The other bird only a few inches (afterward, when first had been pushed a couple of feet) from it was not seen nor taken the slightest notice of, even after 15 or 20 mins during which time she was never very far away. But as soon as I moved this it, she seized it, just as eagerly as she did the first and devoured it. Not far from the house I found some *Lupedya violacea*, also. *Demodius parvipes*. After waiting quite a while we decided to go up the bank of the stream and return again after dinner; but seeing a man on the other side of the stream we called to him. We asked him, "Where is R?" and "When will he return?"

but owing to the distance, we could ^{not} make him understand us.
 He called out though "Wait a minute and I'll come over."
 When he was quite close to us we again asked him, where is
 R? "Wait till I come ashore then I can talk to you". When he
 came ashore he told us his name was Mr. ^{Huber} and that he was
 on the exhibit. From the strong smell of whiskey which now per-
 fused the atmosphere, we knew at once what was the matter.
 Mr. H. told us that R. had gone to market and would not re-
 turn till 5 or 5.30 o'clock. and that he was watching the place
 for him till his return. He said he saw us when we came
 and had been watching us all the time. He could see all
 we did, what we doubt very much. We learned that he
 was 53 yrs. old, a carpenter by trade and that he leased the
 H.A. opposite. He thought the view from his place even
 better than the one from where we were. Later when we
 crossed we found that it was not ~~tho~~, which we
 thought, too, while he was talking telling us it. Well we
 finally had him to lend us a pair of oars. We crossed the stream
 with him, saw the stream from his hill, got the oars, returned,
 took the bateau and went up the stream. It was already

one o'clock so we landed at our usual camp grounds,
 built a fire, cooked coffee and ate our dinner. To-day
 we cooked our coffee by suspending the pot (kettle) from
 a stick laid across two upright sticks which had been
 driven into the ground thus T & T. After dinner we
 again got into the boat and after getting a few water-
 lilies, we return to R's. Mr. W. & Mr. P. now crossed the
 stream to return the oars. While they did this I collected
 a few plants close to shore. *Cyperus strigosus*, *Elymus*
Virginianus. Just as Mr. W. & Mr. P. were entering the boat to re-
 turn, two young fellows, who had come from up the stream
 fired at a bird, first one then the other, the bird luck-
 ily escaped, but old H. who had heard the shots was
 furious, seizing his gun he rushed out of his house. "What
 are you shooting for", "Stop." "Come here, I want to see you"
 were called out with but short pauses. Seeing that they
 were not answering quick enough, he raised his gun
 and fired. This brought them to a stand still and they
 came ashore. What followed then I could not well make
 out, but everything was settled satisfactorily and the young

fellows were allowed to depart. Mr. W. & Mr. T. now returned and we started for the old furnace. On the way we met Mr. R. who was just returning. We took the path leading to the inlet but when we reached it we found the water too high to cross, so we had to return again to the road. On our way through the woods I collected specimens of *Osmunda rotundifolia*, *Leopoldia procumbens* and *Cyperus*.

We continued along the road to L's. Here we entered the woods, taking the path leading past the old chestnut tree. When we reached the road we were not far from H's. We then passed through his place and stopped at the head of the pond. I had hoped to get here a few ripe capsules of the *Saxifraga*, but it was already too dark to distinguish the reddish capsule from the surrounding foliage.

We therefore started on our way for the station. *Solidago puberula* is very plentiful along the sandy path, so also *Eupatorium pubescens*. We reached the station fully 20 minutes ahead of time. When it came it was quite dark. It was 8.15 P.M. when we entered Camden station.

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September 10, 1902. A trip to Helen Ellen & Loch Raven. To-day, without doubt, has been the prettiest day of the summer, notwithstanding that our summer this year, has been one of the pleasantest.

for year. I met Mr. W. in the car when I boarded it at the cor.
of Charles & Fayette Sts. At Kovanstown we saw Mr. P. but
strange to say he did not get in the car with us. We thought it
very strange; but concluded to wait at Tama till the next car
arrived. When it came, Mr. P. was aboard and we learned that
the car he was aboard stopped at L. and he thought therefore
he was at P. and when he saw us, he thought our car would
go only as far as the switch and then return, just as his had
done. When we were all together, we decided to go out the
Eulerly Valley Pike, ^{to pass through} Hampton and to see Glen Elk
and then ^{by} along the suspension to Look Run. We found the
roads in fine condition, notwithstanding the heavy rain of yesterday.
There had just been enough to lay the dust, we found
therefore, neither dust nor mud. The temperature was cool, but
not so much so, that we felt cold. As we passed the main
entrance to Hampton, Mr. Ridgely, of N. passed through on horseback.
A short distance beyond this entrance the road divided and I took
the middle branch passing between the hem & the black willow
is the one to take. Before long we came to the limestone cliffs
and here I got several fine specimens of *Pecten atropurpureus*. There

I now know it came about, that on my last trip* I had not passed Hampton. Here is where it happened. The road from Lake Ellen forked, one road led past Hampton & the other went in a direct line to the Delany Valley Pikes. We were now just a little beyond Mr. Reed's place. We passed through his place and shortly afterwards were at Lake Ellen. The colored man that directed me on my last trip was outside at his usual occupation - chopping wood. We learned from him that the place was now leased to the Cyton School for orphans. The little children were brought here to spend the summer. There were altogether 36 children. Beyond Lake Ellen we passed several fine apple-trees. The fruit was lying on the ground and we helped ourselves to some of ^{the} fruit. We crossed the brook now and after passing through a large field came to the 3-arched bridge. We crossed the bridge and took the path leading along the side of the brook. When we came to the next arched bridge we decided to enter the ravine and find a good place to camp. This little ravine proved to be one of the prettiest we have entered for some time. The ascent was quite steep. The water dashed along rapidly over the stony ledge. About 100 yds. from the road we found a nice camp. Here we built a fire, cooked coffee and ate our dinner. The hill-sides were covered with flowers. After

down I ascended the stream somewhat farther. A short distance beyond our camp it became much narrower and the rocky ledges would rise in many places almost perpendicularly from the water. I collected a few moose, here & there, and then descended again to the camp. We had bought 3 cans of corn with us, these were now put into the fire and roasted, but we did not find them very fine. It was nearly 4 o'clock when we started for the station and reached it shortly before the hour. After a little wait the train came along. It was about 6.30 P.M. when I got home.

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September 13, 1902. A trip alone. Hearing that the locality around the headwaters of the Magalloway was a good collecting ground I decided to take a trip in that direction; and as the entire distance seemed to be no more than about 12 miles I decided to walk. I left home a few minutes before 6 o'clock. It looked then a little cloudy and I thought the wind came from the north-east. I was tempted to take an umbrella or at least the cape of my overcoat but left without either. It was a little after 6 when I boarded a Centre Bay car and had we not been delayed we would have reached my

destination 15 or 20 minutes sooner. As it was I was crossing
 the new bridge across Macky branch at 7 o'clock. Before long
 I came to a school-house and here the road branched, ^{eastward at right} ~~the~~ branch to
 Hawkins Point. It was well that I asked a passerby which was the
 road to take, for I would surely have taken the one to Hawkins.
 As I went onward I noticed how the apple-trees in the different
 orchards were laden down with fruit. Much of this fruit was
 also on the ground and I stopped twice to help myself. Along
 the roadside were great masses of Golden-rod (Golden-rod
 as a most-learned colored gentleman called it). In several places
 Solidago rigida seemed to have taken possession, but most generally
 it was *S. Canadensis*. On my way home I collected a very large
 bouquet of it. It without doubt, is the best of the Golden-rod to
 collect - its flowers remain pretty the longest. On the right side
 of the road a short distance before reaching the path leading to Macky
 is a place which has been cleared of its trees. This must have
 been a place sometime ago for now it is quite overgrown with
 low brush. Here close to the roadside I found *Polygala Nuttallii*
 quite abundantly. I collected about 6 specimens. How, surprised was
 I, on examining them more closely at home to find among them

one specimen of *P. fastigiata*. The two plants resemble each other very much. Closer examination shows though that in *P. fastigiata* the bracts are deciduous whereas in *P. Nuttallii* they are persistent. The flowers of *P. fastigiata* are brighter than those of *P. Nuttallii*, and in globular heads whereas those of the latter are more cylindrical.

The weather had thus far remained cloudy, only once did the sun peep out for a few minutes, but now the wind blew a little stronger and it began to rain. I had just entered the Mt. Road and had been directed to go onward to reach Mayoths bridge.

I kept going onward for some time the rain was very fine and I hardly minded it. But now it rained very hard and I stopped a few moments under a cedar tree - beautiful cedar trees lined the road here for some distance. As there seemed to be no "let up" in the rain, it looked very much as if it would rain all day, I decided to go onward. I now passed several pretty young Catalpa trees. On one of them I noticed quite a number of large black caterpillars. I marked the place and hoped to take a few of them with me on my return. As it rained now again so very hard I stopped under a large pecan tree. While here, a colored man passed along and I questioned-

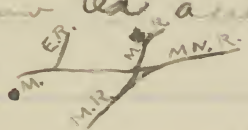
ed him about the way to Mayoths bridge. He seemed to know so little about the place, that I decided not to follow his advice regarding the taking a certain path through the woods; he, too, thought he might be wrong. So I kept on and at last came to Mayoths church and cemetery. Here I asked again and was told that I had passed our path to the bridge but that I should go on to the next house and ask there. This I did, and I learned that I was quite out of my way. I was told how to go, though, to get into the path again and I started onward. The path led me through a very rocky wood. Chirpeps were growing everywhere. In one place, too, I found a pretty specimen of *Pyrene subrotundifolia* and I think for the first time I have seen the type. The plate, which I have this far taken for *P. subrotundifolia* I can now see ~~it~~ now are the variety *melanocarpa*; the latter has ^{dark} ~~dark~~ fruit the former red.

At last after nearly an hour's walk I came in sight of the Mayoths and soon after I came to the bridge. I crossed the bridge. On the bluff of the hill, overlooking the stream stands a small house, occupied by a Mr. Dougherty. I questioned him regarding the place. I learned that there was an old mill close by; but this did not seem to be the one I had been told about. He told me too about

matter near the dam and how to get to it. This from his
 description I knew - at once must be the one I wanted to
 get to. He told me too, how I should go on my return
 to Baltimore. So I started onward and finally came to the
 dam and saw the pretty lake that had been made. The
 road now forked, so I decided to stop and eat my lunch,
 perhaps in the mean time some one would pass and I
 could question him how I must go. I had finished eating
 my lunch and still no one passed so I decided to take the
 path leading to my right for I thought this surely would be the
 path leading to the mill. I had not gone far, when there,
 right before me, was the mill. I, at once, went to it. It was
 in fairly good condition but looked as if it had not been in use
 for a long time. On one side was a large water-wheel.
 A narrow ditch led the water from the wheel. It was
 while examining this ditch and the moss-covered rocks
 close to the wheel that I made two pleasant discoveries.
 Here, *Aspidium cristatum*, *A. epiaurum* var. *intermedium*,
A. ~~persectum~~ chloris, & *A. marginale* (the latter, quite a new find) were
 growing beautifully. I secured several fine specimens of each for my

press. While putting my plants in the press, several little children living close by came to see what I was doing. I questioned them regarding the mill and learned that a Mr. Dunal had charge of it, I learned, too, which road to take for Baltimore. After putting my plants away I started for home along this path. When I ^{came to} passed Mr. Dunal's home, I questioned him regarding the different paths and learned which one led to Elcton, which to Marley and which home. It was half past two when I left Mr. Dunal. Looking towards the west I saw that the clouds were breaking and I knew that it would be clear before long.

I now walked along leisurely, stopping frequently to collect some of the pretty Golden-rods which grew along the road-side. It did not take very long and I came to the road leading to Marley bridge. I learned that it was about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from where I was.

The road now led across a sandy field and I entered Marley Neck Road. . The sun now shone out brilliantly and continued so till sundown. It was on this road that I collected some fine specimens of *Lespedeza Stuebelii* and *Eupatorium aromaticum*. Both of these plants were new. *E. aromaticum* is somewhat similar to *E. aquaticum*. Its flowers are however

for further and its leaves shorter petioled. L. Stuei is had here too. The entire plant is densely velvety. The afternoon turned out so beautiful, that it was a pleasure to walk. The woods were beautifully illuminated. I stopped a few minutes at the school-house near Wall's Memorial Church. The janitor was just cleaning the building. School was to open on the 15th. Two classes were held. School opened at 9 A. M. & closed at 4 P. M. Some of the children have more than 2 miles to walk to come to school. I asked the janitor "what church is that" pointing to Wall's Memorial and was told it was Wall's Presbyterian Church. In a short place not far from the church I found Calamagrostis Nuttalliana. A nice large patch of Gratiola sp. was found too. It was half past six o'clock when I reached the new bridge. At quarter of seven I was on the car and at 20 minutes past seven I was home.

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Sept. 17, 1902. An afternoon trip with Mr. Winson. We walked out Columbia Avenue to Mt. Winson. I stopped to admire the pretty hedge at Cornell Park, which I soon recognized as a species of Crataegus. It may possibly be C. argentea (Eng. Hawthorn). When we reached Mt. W. we took the path leading to the ice house. On this path we found

to our right, several fine specimens of the Fig., and near the ice-house close to the stream a single specimen of *Catechu Ann-galli*. From the ice-house we went to the pond and walked along the embankment. I made the trip mainly to see a few Hawthorn that I remembered green on the hillside north of the pond; but I found it rather difficult to cross the ditch which ran between the embankment & the hill and as it was getting late (Mr. W. wished to be home at 6 P.M.) I decided to go around. Along the railroad tracks I collected a few specimens of *Liatris spicata*, one of *L. graminifolia*, a few of *Polygala sanguinea* and a few of *Helianthus giganteus*, which were very common. We hurried homeward by way of the B. & O. railroad.

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September 20, 1902. With Mr. W. to Glenburnie. We met at Camden station and took the early train. Had we been one minute later, though, we would not have been able to go, for just as we were seated the train started. Before reaching B. it began to rain. When we arrived there it was pouring down. We had our umbrellas though, for it was very cloudy when we left home and we thought it would rain. We, joking, said "It always does rain when we want to go out." To-day we intended to go to Watfords, to the old mill at the head of the Mayoth, which I visited last Saturday, as we started

ed along the track towards Elberton. We had not gone far when we overtook the track-walker. One of the first things he told us was, "Well, it always does rain when you two come down here." "Yes", Mr. W. said, "we had just remarked the same thing." Now, here was a man convinced that it rained everytime we went to S. We walked along with him for a short distance but as he was going too slowly for us we bade him good-bye and hurried onward. Just before coming to Marley station we passed over a high embankment, below us was quite a wide stream, ~~which~~ ^{at} a short distance from the us it had been dammed and a nice little pond had been formed. As soon as we saw this pretty stream and the pond we both said, "We will have to come here next." Off in the distance we could see several beautifully colored Maples. Their red color made them stand out very prominently. Red foliage is now already very much in evidence. We were not very far from M. and before long reached this picturesque station. Not far from the track stood a neat little beam-painted frame house — the store. When Mr. W. saw the place, he remembered that he had seen ^{it} the place before, about 10 yrs. ago, when he visited an old

x He was on his way to the store.
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mill-pond near by. As he had forgotten the exact spot, we walked up to the house to make inquiry. We found the place locked, but when we walked along the edge of the field to see if we could find the place, we met old Mr. Brown the store-keeper. Mr. B. is 77 years old, but remarkably well-preserved. Mr. W. was very much surprised to learn that Mr. B. lived in the city, just in the block below him. He knew him very well but strange to say did not know him. Mr. B. could not tell us about the pond, but told us to see Mr. Pumphrey (?) the owner of the place. Mr. B. however, remembered the spring and then told us also of another on the other side of the railroad. The water of this spring was the "best in the world". He told us its history, how Mr. P. noticed some water bubbling up and he at once dug ^{at} the place and sank a barrel. The water from the spring filled a little ice pond. He told us people "sheet" on it when it is frozen. He told us, too, that the water "dreened" into a little brook. We left our packages with Mr. B. and went up the path to find Mr. P. The path led to a large house. Here we met a Mr. Robinson and Mrs. P. Mrs. P. told us how to find the old pond. We, however, thought that we would go to W. as we had intended.

We thanked Mr. P. for the information and returned to the
 little store for our packages. On the porch, seated on a
 box, close to the window was a negro eating a watermelon.
 What a fine picture, he would have made! We now started
 for Clanton. It must have been about half past ten when we
 reached the path leading to W. It crosses a very sandy field.
 In one of the fields we found a beautiful purple Anemone
 most likely *A. hypochondriacus*. It did not take us long
 now and we were in W. We stopped first to see the pond
 at the head of the dam. It is very picturesque. Close to
 the water *Chelone glabra* were growing plentifully. There too
 grew the *Sium* Krieger, *Vitis aestivalis*. From the pond
 we went to the old mill and then along the road to Beaman's.
 Just beyond the mill in the damp wood-land I saw *Nephus*
viridatus & *N. spinulosus* by hundreds and decided
 that on my way back to the station I would collect some for
 my press. We walked onward, and came to a pretty brook.
 How fast the water ran! and how clear it was! Just before
 the stream was a little hill. Here we said we can
 make our camp. It was already noon, so we climbed the

hillside and near the top chose our camp. A fire was built and coffee prepared. Although it had rained a good deal the ground was comparatively dry on account of the good drainage. It had now stopped raining and the sun was trying to shine. After dinner, I went to the brook and here, close to the roadside and also farther in the moist thickets I found *Nephradin minutum* growing beautifully. I secured a number of pretty specimens. The fertile fronds of this form, as are also those of *N. thalictroides* x *N. Noveboracensis*, are very much contracted; still one may find many fronds half way between sterile x fertile, that is that they are ^{pretty} fertile but have the appearance of a sterile frond. After I had put my fronds into the jar we took a walk along the road. I thought it would lead to Mazyth, bridge, but after walking some distance we decided to return. When we came to the *N. cristatum* spot we stopped and I collected a number of the pretty fronds both sterile x fertile and also specimens of *N. epivulum*. One particularly handsome specimen of *N. cristatum* was collected. It may possibly turn out to be *N. cristatum* var. *Chitoniae*[†]. It, like all the specimens of *N. cristatum* had the peculiar whitish appearance of the under side of the rachis. It was 4 o'clock when we ready to leave W.

We found it took us half an hour to reach Elstons. When we reached M. we decided to taste some of the "best water in the world". We first tried the old spring and then the new one. We found the "best water in the world" quite cloudy, the water, however, had a good taste and was very cold. The hillside here, is occupied every spring by pickers. ~~A number~~ Their benches and tables ^{are} made of rough board nailed across posts planted firmly in the ground. At one of the tables was a high chair (or baby's chair). It, too, was home-made.

When we came to the stream and the pond which attracted our attention in the morning, we decided to go down the embankment and see the pond at closer range. We had not the time to make any thorough examination though to-day. We found the old dam quite broken. Golden-rocks are yet everywhere in evidence. *S. Canadensis*, *S. angosa*, *S. hirsuta*, *S. fulva*, and *S. fuscula* were most common. We reached B. just as it was dark. We had nearly an hour to wait for our train. We arrived home about 8:15 P. M.

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September 24, 1902. A trip alone from Forest Inn, North Walbrook to Gwynne Oak Park then back to Walbrook by route along

the falls. I left school promptly at half past three o'clock. It was about half past four when I reached Point Run. Nothing particularly interesting was found on my way to the park. I watched the road-sides closely, hoping to find a few hawthornes but not one was passed. Several times I stopped to admire the intense red color of the Virginia-Creepers. My trip was taken to get specimens of Lizard Tail which grows abundantly & luxuriantly in the fall near the park. At the same time I was on the look out for anything else particularly hawthornes. After I had gotten my specimen I returned to the car but as none was in sight I thought I would take the path along the falls through Dickeyville to Walbrook. I soon was very glad that I had done so, for not very far from the dam I came across a number of hawthornes. They seemed to be all the same ^{specimen} variety, *Cornus Canadensis*. I looked carefully for fruit but none of them had any. I kept on, on my trip, passed through the village, and stopped at the spring. It was now getting dark. When I got opposite to the old mill I looked for *Corylus rostrata* but must have passed it already. A short distance farther on, & when almost in sight of the bridge I came to a fine hawthorn, quite full of fruit. The tree was quite

* more than 5 in. of rain fell in 48 hrs.

782.

high though & I only secured one of the fruits. I think it, too, was a *Cr. Esc-galli*. When I crossed the bridge I saw ahead of me quite a high structure. It appeared to be a high bridge across the road. I thought it perhaps a part of the mono-rail structure but when I came closer, I was told by the watchman that it was the new electric road to Dickeyville. It was quite dark when I reached the car. It was 7.30 when I went home.

³⁵⁵
Sept. 27, 1902. A trip to Lutherville and vicinity with Mr. W. We met at Towson at 8 A. M. From T. we walked out York Rd a short distance and then through the woods to L. The morning was cloudy notwithstanding that we had had an almost continual downpour of rain for two days. Of course, woods and roads were very wet. The air was very humid and notwithstanding the comparatively low temperature it felt very warm. On our way through the woods, I collected a few specimens of *Polyzella Nuttallii*. This part of our tramp was enjoyed very much. On our way through the village we passed a beautiful French Malbery. When we reached the railroad, we proceeded at once to the first meadow. What a pretty sight, this meadow presents at this time of the year! Great beds of *Anten Nonce-Anglia*, one of the prettiest of our asters; its intense

purple rays ^{resembling} make one think of the Iron Weed, first at first the eye.
 Next we notice the Swamp Thistle. Its beautiful pink flowers
 are scattered here and there throughout the meadow. Among these, but
 always near the brook we find large patches of beautiful blue,
 the flowers of *Antennaria*. Here too are the haunts of the *Fringed*
^{the cloud} *Geranium*. Other plants found here and that helped to make the meadow
 beautiful are. Black-eyed Susan, *Ranunculus* *repens*, *Helianthus autumnalis*
 and a species of *Phlox*. *Geranium crinale* is quite plentiful this year.
 We at once secured a few good specimens for transplanting. We followed
 the stream to the spring and ~~and~~ we found the plant everywhere.
 Close to the spring we found *Spiranthes cernua* quite plentifully.
 We next went to a spot near the mill pond, a short distance up the
^{another section place} track, but here they were not so plentiful. That beautiful green
Eriogonum fasciculatum grows here. From this spot we went to the
 large spring. On my way thither I found *Polygala crinita*, growing
 with *P. Maritima* (*portigata*). There was quite a lot of it. This plant
 is very inconspicuous, and no doubt if searched for more carefully, would
 be found to be quite common. Good specimens grow to the height of
 about 10 inches. The head of flower is quite large. Each little flower
 is at first a very pretty pink, but changes very soon to an inconspicuous

were green. The two green wings persist for some time. As we drew nearer the spring *Sentanea cinnata* became again quite prominent. It was now nearly 12 o'clock. We had planned that we would take a number of plants and transplant them in our ravine and had calculated that we would be there by 11 o'clock; but, here it was already nearly 12 and we had not started. We ~~now~~ thought that perhaps it would be best to eat dinner before starting and this we did. By the time dinner was over it was 1 o'clock, and we had planned that instead of going to the ravine to transplant our plants, we would transplant them here. While looking for ^{for our fire} ~~back~~, near our camp I came across two good-sized turtles; one of them was eating a large mushroom. In eating it would stretch its neck out quite far, thrust its head into the mushroom three or four times in quick succession, then draw its head in and swallow. Mr. W. while looking around found a little turtle, the smallest we have seen, about as large as a half-dollar. After dinner we went back for our plants. Near the large spring I found a nice specimen of *Spiranthes gracilis*. When we got back to the meadow we got a few more plants, put two into cans to take home with us, which we hid ^{there} along with ^{the} umbrellas & ^{the} plant-pots.

"The spot is 45 paces" from the track, off first telegraph pole north of a lane leading from track to York Rd.

145.

and then started with our load up the track. We soon found that our load was getting ^{heavier} ~~small~~ than we ^{had} bargained for, and as the load gradually grew heavier so our plan regarding the distance to which they were to be transported rapidly changed. It was therefore, no wonder, that when we came to the first cleared space, and that even on a dry hillside, that we decided to plant a few. A few of the others were to be planted on the other side of the railroad, but when Mr. W. examined the place, he found already ~~enough~~ ^{already} plants there. The result was that all the plants were planted on the hillside.

We now went up the track to the Signal Tower. Nearly opposite this tower is a very nice spring. Here I collected specimens of *Cyperus diandrus* and *C. strigosus*. While we were talking with the operator, we noticed 3 women & a child walking along the track. We at once surmised that it must be Mrs. R. & friends after Gentiana. They were, however, so far from us that we could not recognize them. To help us, the operator, who thought they were neighbors close by, brought his field glass, but even with it we failed to recognize them. To settle the matter I decided to return and see who they were; Mr. W. however kept on to T., where he collected a few umbrellas. I soon learned that our surmise had been correct. It was Mrs. R. with two lady friends & a child. They had

collected quite a large lot of *Benthamia*, at least more than 100. With such treatment, how long will these plants exist. Mrs. R. was however, very much concerned that a farmer had plowed up a hillside and planted corn where last year were many of these plants. Mrs. R. intended to return home by train, as by the time Mr. W. returned she was already on her way home. We then got the plants, the umbels & plant-press and started for Pocomo which we reached about 8 o'clock. The evening was beautiful, and the stars were quite bright, still not as bright as we have seen them. We admired Boxton, Mount Ben, Carri-fou, Andromeda, Pocomo, Pigeon, Agassiz, Anis, and Pinn. Pocomo was quite conspicuous. We arrived home about 9 o'clock.

^{35.}
October 1, 1902. To the Canton ballast lots I hoped to get a few plants of *Cyperus furcatus* for transplanting, but was too late. The pond had been filled and the entire lot leveled for the new mill. I then went to the spot where *Tribulus terrestris* grew. This place too has been changed considerably, still, a few plants were found. I collected a few seeds to plant elsewhere. I next visited the *Yucca Helenium* place. The plants were doing finely and have increased in number. I then went towards the

river but found nothing of particular interest, so started for home.

357

October 3, 1902. Took my botany class on its first fall trip.

We met at Bonnie Bee Cemetery and went to Walbrook.

Very few plants were found in flower. We spent most of our time in examining the various modes of seed dissemination.

358

October 4, 1902. A trip with Mr. W. We met at Conden station

and took the 7.30 A. M. train for Landown. Arrived at L., we

went at once to Sulphur Sp. R'd. We stopped at the Lycopodium

place but found no fructified specimens. We then looked for

Botrychium. In their search, I was more successful and I

secured several fine specimens. After putting the specimens

in my press, we continued our tramp, in the direction of Arbutus

We were about half a mile from A. when we were very much

astonished. Not far from a farm-house, was a young woman

splitting wood. And with what energy she could wield the ax!

Seldom have I seen a man that could handle the ax better.

I said, it must be a man. To settle the question, we

changed our course, and went in her direction. Before we

had crossed the field, she saw us coming and when she

at once stopped her work & went hurriedly toward the

house. By the time we reached the house, she had entered. After repeated knockings, a young girl about 15 yrs. old, came out. She seemed very much frightened & quite excited. She was somewhat filthy, & altogether presented a most pitiable sight. While we were talking to her, one of the other children slipped out the house & just as we were leaving returned with her father. He told us that his name is **Brady**. It was his little girl a child 13 yrs. old that was splitting the wood. He seemed to be quite poverty-stricken. He told us, however, that he had had money, but had squandered it and lost. "Seven times" he said, "I've lost and if I had money again I should venture again."

We left Mr. B. & went towards A. We took the path back, through his farm (rented from Mr. Brown). Presently we came to a negro's shanty. This place was most wretched indeed. A little child about 10 yrs. old was left in charge with two small children, one still in baby. As we approached the house, we heard the crying of a little kitten. We soon learned that it was held a prisoner under an inverted peach basket, because as the little girl told us it kept continually getting under her feet. She said she had

789.
* There are 2 Hornbeams in a row.

found the bitterness (there were two of them but one died) on the road and had brought them home. No doubt they had been left on the road to die. Quite close to this chalet at the foot of a hill is a nice spring. We were not very far from A. station and in a few more minutes we were there. Mr. J. was not communicative to day. We thought we might learn some important facts concerning the coal-strike but it was no use. We therefore continued our trip. We soon came to the old hotel. The entire back building is now gone. It looks as if the old building is being carried away piece-meal. A little beyond the old hotel, on the left side of the road grew several large patches of *Panicum glaberrimum*. When we reached Cantonville Ave. we walked up the road a short distance & took the road to Avalon. We crossed the new bridge & proceeded to the Gentian Hills. Gentian cistus is here getting very scarce. One specimen was dug up to transplant. We then started for Gentian Place. On our way we stopped at the spring and here on the hillside, between two Hornbeams we planted the Gentian. Arrived at Gentian Place we examined our Gentians. They were all in flower. We counted them again & found that instead of 17 there were 20.

We thought we might stop to eat dinner but as it was raining (it had been raining finely all morning) we thought perhaps it would be better to proceed to Camp Run. We had not decided what we would do, when I said "Let us go up and see if any Gentians are growing in our other place". This we did, and what a nice little surprise we had. 18 or more plants as we would care to see! all blooming beautifully. We then went to the spot highest up the hill, where we had transplanted plants and here were 10 more handsome specimens. While examining the plants we found one which had been ^{close to the ground} cut off by some insect (?). What insect can it be, or could it perhaps have been done by some animal. I had noticed this also last Sat. but then thought it had been done by some person. We were both much pleased and glad that our work two years ago has been so successful. On this hillside I found a nice specimen of *Batycheilus chrysotrichus*. We now decided that we would eat our dinner on the hillside and then we did. After dinner we proceeded to O. G. crossed the river and went up Holton Ave. Here right opposite the mill I found *Antipaniculatus*, one of the prettiest of the white Ants. It was

after six when we reached the car terminus, in an hour time we were home.

351.

Oct. 8, 1902 To Gwynia Falls with Miss E. Miss E. was particularly interested to know the names of the plants of a certain place, hence the trip. The white fluffy masses of insects are again appearing on the alder and various other shrubs. I think they must be a species of aphid and no doubt secrete honey for several large black ants were among ^{them} the insects. Can they possibly be the form ^{of perhaps some insignificant aphid, that} produced in the fall, and which are the perfect males & females. Still, I have never seen any form at any other time of the year. We returned home at 6 o'clock.

360.

Oct. 10, 1902. To Gwynia Falls with my class. We met at Wallbrook. It was after half past four before we were able to start. Two of the teachers had brought their cameras, but it was too dark to take any views. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, quite a number of interesting things were noted and all returned pleased with the tramp.

361.

Oct. 11, 1902 With Mr. W. to Glenburnie. We took the early train. Before we arrived at G. it began to rain and continued to do so all day. To-day we had hoped to see

the old mill ^{at} the head of Marley Br. We, therefore, walked along the railroad tracks to the branch and turned into the woods to our right. Everything was very wet, so we decided to find a camp at once. As I was very anxious to see the mill I thought I would try to find it; Mr. W. however, remained in camp. I did not go very far, before I was soaked. Nevertheless I enjoyed the trip. Several beautiful little camping places were passed and had the day been bright, I would no doubt have made a few finds. I ~~followed~~ ^{followed} the stream up some distance but failed to find the mill, no doubt having gone up some tributary. When I returned to Mr. W. I was indeed very wet but he had an excellent fire, and in a short time I felt far more comfortable. At 12 o'clock I ate some of my lunch, but Mr. W. didn't feel hungry at all. After eating my lunch we had some target practice. Mr. W. had brought his pistol. A piece of paper was tied to a tree & we stood off at a distance of 10 paces, and tried to hit it. Our success was not brilliant. It was after one o'clock when we started for Glenburnie. Mr. W. thought he would cook his coffee in one of the sheds of the old tile factory. We thought then we might walk home. In a short

time we reached the shed. To get water Mr. W. had to go to B.. While he was gone I got some wood. When he returned a little fire was started and the coffee prepared. Mr. W. now thought we had better ride home. We therefore, remained in the shed, dried our stockings and our shoes as much as possible and at 6 o'clock started for K's store where we remained till train time.

362 October 17, 1902. With my class along Surge's Falls. We met on the west side of Edmondson Av. bridge. In the meadow, north of the bridge, immediately before coming to the old ice-house we found a plant of *Epilobium argutifolium*. Witch-hazel was found in bloom. One handsome plant in full bloom and with all its foliage was admired very much. It is seldom that this plant is found with its leaves when in bloom.

We were not able to go very far, by the time we reached the steep hill opposite the village it was dark so we returned.

363 October 18, 1902. With Mr. W. to Landowne, then to Arbutus, Avalon, Orange Grove etc, home by way of the ravine. We stopped at the Lycopodium place but no fertile fronds were secured. I found, however, two nice specimens of *Batrachium*. While go-

ing along paths through the swamp almost parallel with the road. I found a large nest on the ground. A great many birds were near by. They were about the size of our robin. They did not seem to be at all afraid and approached quite close to me. They could whistle very loud and their sweet chords were most pleasant to hear. Some of them had 'top-knots'. Their bills were quite long and sharp. They were of an olive green color, at any rate their backs & wings were; their breasts were reddish brown. A short distance beyond the nest I found Skunk Cabbage coming up. Looking carefully I found some of the ripe fruit. One of the fruits had been almost completely devoured. The large seeds were lying close by. They were about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter almost spherical on one of the slightly flattened sides is a little depression, showing where it was attached to the ^{the} placenta. The seeds have the strong odor of ^{the} plant, as I readily learned in breaking one open, and explains why they are not eaten. From the appearance of the fruit, I am sure it had been eaten by the turtle. I now hurried onward, Mr. W. was already far ahead. I presently came up with him, he was sitting on the roadside awaiting me. He had stopped there, to call my attention to a dead bird. It was sitting up near the middle of the road, very close to a thick

piece of wood. It looked very much like one of the same kind of birds I had
 watched just a few moments before. The poor little thing did not seem to
 be injured, it must have been sick & died there. We now hurried onward
 and before long we were at A. We found Mr. J. more communicative.
 He spoke about the "Cubians" and about the Chinese. He said that a
 certain man whom he knew had been at "Beekim" their capital city, and
 told him that the city just swarmed with people. The women were lying on
 the steps, half-dressed. He also spoke about their little feet. On account
 of that country being so overpopulated and also on account of the smallness
 of the women's feet, he readily believed that the women bore children
 every 6 months. He wished also to tell us about the causes of eclipses
 but we were in a hurry so bade him good-bye. We got to A. about
 half past eleven. Here we were surprised by finding *Pongythin*
crucifera in bloom. We crossed the river and went to the
 Kuntin Hills. Only a few plants are yet in bloom. We dug
 up two of the plants carefully to transplant at our new place.
 At the new dam we found that they were dumping dirt into the
 water near the stone work. Later we learned that a leak had
 been discovered, no doubt they were trying to mend it. When we
 reached the spot where we had last transplanted, we found our

